

Sunday Morning.

Jan. 10, 1896. 9:30 A.M.

My Own Darling.

Yest Wednesday morning

letter just received. Your letters come to me
always at 8.30 at M. post two days after they
are posted, so soon know when to look
for them. How sweet and comforting those
letters are to me, you cannot, well, yes,
you can and do know, my Dear One.

I am glad Ernest did not worry
about the telegram being late, though he
might have known that I would not neglect
for a moment the sending of it.

Yesterday I had a splendid day, as
soon as your letter arrived I started
alone to the grand St. depot and took a
train to Moral Vernon, where I had a
letter of introduction to a friend of Mrs.
Mathis, & explored the town and found
Mrs. Hawkins without much trouble. She
threw her arms around me and kissed
me and began to take my things off
immediately and would not hear of
anything but that I must stay to lunch
and spend the day with them. Did you
ever hear of my being so kind. Well,

slaged. and went in to the city at half
past two with Victor Harkiss. his son,
and his two daughters, lovely girls walked
down to the station to see me off. They
just took me right in, as though I were
at home. When I got into the city, I said
off, as soon as possible to go and buy of
Prants. I traveled some miles finally
engaged one, which I am expecting this
morning. Well, darling, I will get ready
to start for my first lesson which I'll
have this morning. My lesson hours are
11.30 - Monday, 10 Wednesday, & 11 Friday.

Will write you another chapter when I get
home, for the present, my darling, (auf wiedersehen)

2.30 P.M. Just received a kind little
note from Mrs. Wm. Van, (can't remember how
to spell the rest) asking when it will be
convenient for her to call. My Plans came
along; it is a beauty - How I wish you
could drop in upon me and see how
easy I am, and how I am trying to live
alright, as though you were here, Southgate

I realize every day the truth of a remark
of yours, that for poor Sam never again either
of us to look for or have always the dear
remembered oft thoughts. The first lesson
with Madame was very pleasurable, but she
has not yet struck anything which I do not

know. She seemed delighted with every thing I did. I had a letter from Oliver yesterday, but no one else has written me till you — You, the faithful, who will never forget or neglect me, as long as this world shall last. Write me about your works, darling, when ever it will relieve to do so; never fear but that any thing which concerns you will be of closest interest to me. Go over and talk with Papa, often, and repeat to me just how you find things, and what each of the dear home people have to say. Has any body given Alfred my goodby message, and told him how sorry I was that we did not get in another lesson.

Well, Darling, I must close as I must do some writing this afternoon, practice, and take a nap if possible. With a kiss for each of those dear eyes, as ever. Your own Grace

169 - E - 63rd St.

What a sweet letter from Nettie! I wish you had let me read it long ago. You know, Darling, we must bear the trials together as well as the joys.



Clarence Hemingway

870 West Adams St.

Chicago.

To Mrs Clark.



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